

Words of the Mother – III

At every minute the universe is created in its totality and in each of its parts.

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No two combinations, no two movements in the universe are similar; nothing is reproduced exactly. There are analogies, there are similarities, there are families, families of movements that can be called families of vibrations, but there are no two things that are identical, neither in time nor in space. Nothing is repeated, otherwise there would be no manifestation, no becoming; there would be only one creation, one single thing.

The manifestation is just this diversity. It is the One that unfolds itself in the Many — endlessly.

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On the physical plane the Divine expresses himself through beauty, on the mental plane through knowledge, on the vital plane through power and on the psychic plane through love.

When we rise high enough, we discover that these four aspects unite with each other in a single consciousness, full of love, luminous, powerful, beautiful, containing all, pervading all.

It is only to satisfy the universal play that this consciousness divides itself into several lines or aspects of manifestation.

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This world is a chaos in which darkness and light, falsehood and truth, death and life, ugliness and beauty, hate and love are so closely intertwined that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other, still more impossible to disentangle them and put an end to an embrace which has the horror of a pitiless struggle, all the more keen because veiled, especially in human consciousness where the conflict changes into an anguish for knowledge, for power, for conquest, — a combat obscure and painful, all the more atrocious because it seems to be without issue, but capable of a solution on a level above the sensations